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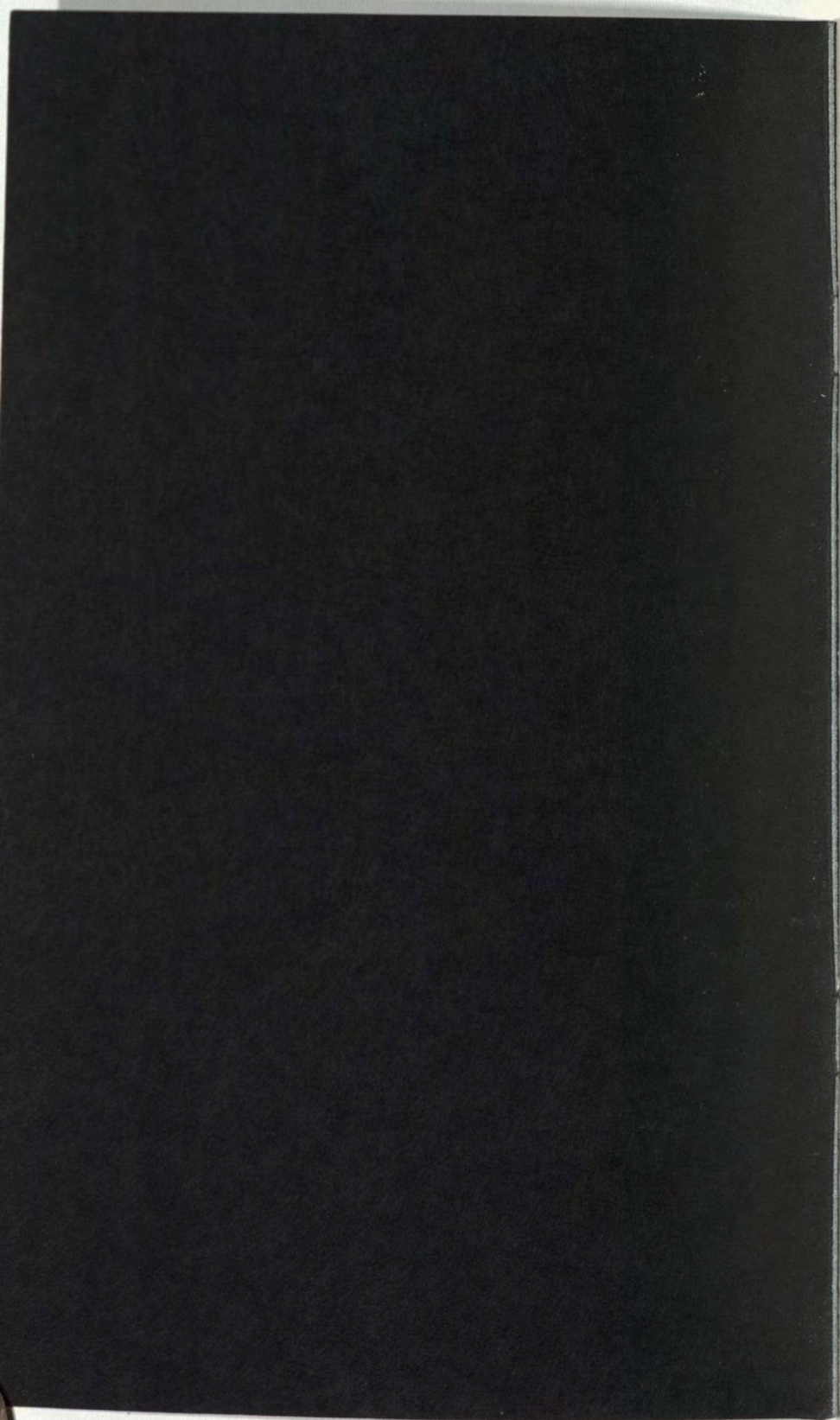
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DECEMBER
1958



INSIGHT



INSIGHT

*With Best Wishes
and many thanks
for your inspiration
and help.*

Pat Kerthum

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial Note	4
Pat Wertheim '60	
Our Significance	6
Anne Warner '59	
Poem	7
Diana Bassett '60	
Poem	8
Marcia Silverman '61	
The Only Day	10
Kristin Norstad '60	
Melody — March	14
Luise Von Ehren '60	
On Smallness and Our Comprehension	16
Marion Whitney '60	
Poem	19
Diana Bassett '60	
Sunrise Sunset	19
Pauline Sweet '62	
The Path	20
Lista Kennan '59	
Yet I Am Dead	22
Katherine Hawley '61	
Une Plainte	23
Pauline Sweet '62	
Jazz: Americas	25
Mary Goekjian '61	
Poem	27
Diana Bassett '60	

Illustrations

Jungle (sketch)	5
Susan Green '60	
Mirrored Face (sketch)	9
Marcia Silverman '61	
Winter Evening (sketch)	21
Marcia Silverman '61	
String Quartet (sketch)	24
Carol Martin '58	

Editorial Note

We invite you to examine a new endeavor — a magazine intended to enlighten, stimulate, and delight you. For your approval, we submit the first issue of the Connecticut College publication, *Insight*. This magazine, to appear semi-annually, is designed to express the creative thoughts of members of the college community. Numerous articles, selected from student contributions, represent varied areas of study, and critical letters from readers will be considered for publication in future issues.

Through the combined efforts of many people, this magazine has materialized. Special acknowledgment is due to Dean Alice Johnson who has served as our most able faculty adviser. We extend our gratitude to those who have offered suggestions, time, and imagination, and give particular thanks to Margaret Roth '60 for her original cover design. She has sensitively portrayed a creative dilemma. Imperfect man struggles in blindness to achieve expression in the arts, his insight alone guides him.

Supported by the enthusiastic response of the students and faculty, we are confident that *Insight* has a significant contribution to offer Connecticut College. This confidence will be confirmed by sustained zeal on the part of our readers. *Insight* is your magazine — your active interest justifies its publication, and your creative or scholarly articles promise its future success. *Insight* represents the birth of an idea. It is our corporate responsibility to assure its continued growth and development.

PAT WERTHEIM '60



Jungle

Susan Green '60

Our Significance

In looking through a magazine recently, I came across the statement that "the slogan of many intellectually gifted persons of our time is . . . Man is on the edge of extinction." The author pointed out that this slogan did not mean "physical annihilation" but rather "that man is now engaged in annihilating himself by concluding that his own life has no significance and no purpose." After reading this comment I began to wonder just what our significance is and why we have been given life.

As a child, our lives are centered closely around ourselves and our daily activities. Life is full of wonderment and new discoveries. As we grow older, we can see further. Our eyes no longer only see the caterpillar slowly humping across the sidewalk, the shiny new bicycle in the driveway or the grasshoppers we are trying to catch as they fly through the meadow grass. In a way you might say that we have grown above the meadow grass. Our eyes can see into the distance. We can see the magnificence of the earth and its many wonders. Things that have passed unnoticed and unfelt as a child make us shrink as we humbly realize that there is something much greater than ourselves. Later, when scientific knowledge flings your mind into space, you shrink more as you realize that you are something extremely infinitesimal in a universe that may be endless. Perhaps a feeling of power could compensate for this smallness, but a feeling of power is also stripped from us before the natural forces. When hurricane winds bend trees low and slash against homes, when boulders loosen and slide down mountains, or rivers flood, we can only cower and pray. The powerlessness we feel today before the power of the atom is more terrible because it is accompanied by a sense of futility. With the unleashing of a chain reaction life may be swept away or life may become a nightmare of sickness or desolation on a ruined planet. No wonder people of today may feel their lives are insignificant and unpurposeful. Why live if destruction might be so near?

It is easy to find reasons for our feelings of personal insignificance but difficult to find answers to the question, "Why are we significant?" The primary feature about man is his ability to think.

Throughout the ages, reasoning man has sustained himself by his faith in God as the giver of the gift of life. Man's faith is ultimately more powerful than the inanimate creation—the atom. Faith in God should give us the strength to live. It was interesting to hear a comment about the people who survived the horrors of concentration camps. All those who survived had a strong faith in something. Even among the terrible miseries they suffered, life held enough meaning and significance for them to create a desire to continue living even though death might have been the easier course. These people were able to see beyond their temporal situation. They were greater than the terrors surrounding their lives. We, too, can be greater. With a positive faith, we can overcome the sterility which surrounds the idea that man is devoid of significance. With faith, man may ultimately discover his true purpose in life.

ANNE WARNER '59

Time stretches sometimes
And leaves a moment vacant
Filled with dandelion fuzz
Drifting upward
Like fragile snow in reverse.
Leaving ocean spread
White and still; sails
Flat, like strips of bright air
Pasted over blue ocean
And horses-tail sky.
Leaving train whistles
And grave yards
And buttercups pressed in a book.
And you waiting; me waiting
In sudden awkwardness
When time stretches sometimes.

DIANA BASSETT '60

madame la concierge
is a small, pompous woman,
skin of weathered ivory
and a knowing, hardened smile;
her eyes are beads of blackness
dulled by the watching years,
her forehead strung
with ropes of disapproval.

lovers have passed anxiously
before her formidable figure,
others have merely
nodded their bon soirs, wisely:

above the taut, knowing smile
the beaded blackness in the eyes
of madame la concierge
peers and remembers—
not the young, anxious faces,
nor the wiser faces of fools;
she sees still the dark gardens of Paris
that whispered beneath the window
of another time.

MARCIA SILVERMAN '61



Mirrored Face

Marcia Silverman '61

The Only Day

Ann kicked aside the covers slowly, relishing the rapid entrance of the fresh breeze into her bed. She sat up and opened the window as far as it would go, propped herself on her elbows and sucked fast little gulps of air into her lungs. Oh, it was a lovely, lovely air, she observed to herself. Lovely air bringing the clean smell of peaches, the smell of the warm succulent wind of late April to her eager nostrils. She took a deep breath and dove under the covers to expel it there, inhaling the gentle familiar odor of her bed. Then, pushing herself as far down in the bed as she could get, she hooked her feet between the mattress and the bed board and shot forward to become enmeshed in pillows, sheet, and blanket.

"I'm playing knot. Knot, Knot, Knot! Oh, ho I'm a knot in a blanket cage . . ."

"Ann, will you *please* stop this foolishness and get up."

"Yes, Mother. Sorry I slept so late. When are you leaving?"

"Now! You could have done something this morning. It's not easy with my father just passed away three days, you know."

Ann got out of bed and ran to her mother.

"I just didn' wake up, 's all. I didn't mean not to help, Mother," she said, glancing at Mrs. Lindstrom's stern face anxiously. Mrs. Lindstrom pursed her lips.

"I don't understand why you overslept on this of all mornings, with Jeff coming calling tonight, and me going to a funeral and all."

"I'm sorry. Please stay and talk to me a while. I won't see you all day, will I?"

"Now Ann, you know I'm just waiting for your father, and I didn't want you to go to a funeral, you're too young for that much sadness. You stay here and think about what a good man your grandfather was and how he used to always bring you mints and take you for walks."

"Yes, Mother," Ann said as she turned to start making her bed.

"Well, be a good girl." Mrs. Lindstrom walked briskly down the stairs, admiring the black dress that she had bought at Greer's for the occasion.

"What?" Ann looked around slowly. "Oh, yes Mother."

She climbed on her bed and leaned out the window as far as she could, longing to see the car leave, snapping her fingers, and singing, "I'm a knot. Knot. They're gone! Good."

The car rattled along the uneven road and soon became invisible among the hills of waving grasses which seemed to be hurrying the pair on their journey.

Ann scrambled off her bed and ran to the head of the stairs, looked down, savouring her solitude, turned and walked down the stairs with carefully measured steps, holding her head high and waving it, serpent-like, slowly from one side to the other.

Downstairs, Ann found two used coffee cups on the hall table and a spoon on the floor of the parlor, which she picked up and licked while gazing wide-eyed at the chintz curtains. Mother wants those washed today, I suppose, but I think I'll just leave them be. Breaking away from her consideration of the curtains, Ann put the spoon in her mouth and settled the coffee cups in the palms of her outstretched hands, turned, walked backwards out of the room to the kitchen, opening the door with a slight push of her hip.

Ann decided that orange juice and last night's cherry jello would be the best breakfast for her free day. She ate the jello slowly, pulling it on to her tongue through the spaces between her teeth and chasing it down with orange juice. After washing the jello glass with three teaspoonfuls of Snow-Clean, Ann held it by two fingers under the hot water and then dried it completely three times. She took the orange juice glass from the table, walked to the open kitchen door and threw the glass as far as she could. She then closed the door carefully, waitin to hear the latch click, and then went upstairs.

Ann looked at the faded blue cotton dress that she had thrown over the back of her chair the night before.

"Today, my own, one day for ever, and you will go with me," she said, and, dropping her short nightgown, slipped on the dress. A small white comb was thrust through her tangled red hair until her face was once more encased in what her mother referred to as a Mary Jane bob. No bangs today, she decided, straight back and braided would be much better. Ready. Go! She ran down the stairs three at a time, thrust open the front door with both hands and

jumped off the dingy porch into the steaming grass and the Kansas sun.

Ann ran a few steps and then stopped and sniffed the air, a hound searching for a particular scent. She turned her head over her left shoulder and then slowly turned it back, repeated the movement again, this time stopping half way. Yes, that's where I'll go, where the wind is born. Hot, hot, Hades-hoping windy-away. Her trembling fingers pulled hastily at the rubber bands on her braid and then combed through her hair, setting it free. She pulled the folds of her dress above her knees and darted barefoot through the broken blue-green grasses. Faster, faster, running, gasping, pulling her body through the weight of the air she went, across the flat straight plain, a bright bird among the waving green.

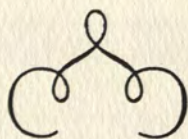
She stopped. She stopped running and sank slowly to the ground. She turned onto her stomach and played apart the thick stems of the plants, seeking the life underneath that thick matting. "An ant, a little one. My small brown ant, where are you going? Are you a grandfather ant carrying sticky candy to your little grandchild? No, I don't think you'd do that, not that dirty candy-Aaaaaah." She pushed the ant along with her finger, and it scrambled quickly sideways. "You can't get away now you horrible grand-thing, because you take girls on walks with your slimy, smelly breath, and your crying eyes." She crushed the ant slowly between her thumb and the ground. Maybe he wasn't a grandfather ant, maybe he was a heavy Jeff. She poked her fingers stealthily through the soft undergrowth and found another ant. "There, you're an ant going courting, because you've got food in your mouth. If she is a young girl ant, she won't like you, even if her mother tells her she has to marry you, she won't like you. I know." Ann blew on the ant softly, it stopped and retraced its steps moving backwards very cautiously. "You're a pismire too. That's what, a piz-piz-mire. ZZZZZ." She followed the ant with a blade of grass and let it pursue its course unmolested.

"Saying pismire is like writing Egypt."

Deciding that she preferred pismire to Egypt, Ann sat up and chewed a small piece of straw, sucking the sweet dry taste of it. Oh, I can feel everything today, it's not like it was before; the sun's hotter coming down and the earth radiates it back again. I am between the two; I am sun and earth today. But not tomorrow—tomorrow I

won't be able to feel anymore—I will be too old. I just want to roll in the warm, warm scratchy, big grass. Roll and smell and taste and bleed and die now. My day, my always-forever day. Pismire. Day and die deeper, danker deaths. Cruel me, my pismire is dead and grandfather is deader, and mother will die before I. Eeee! But it won't make me happy then, because my day will be over and I won't feel my sun, my grass, my run, my fast speed, my glad toes touching unknown tips of green. Oh, dirt, happy, crumbly, earthy-warm mother dirt, you won't care then, but I will. I will. I will care then because I won't be Ann of the soft earth but Ann of the serious house. Oh, then. Oh, then has ruined now, my day. Away? No, please stay, you have been too short to be forever . . . Let me feel, oh, please no. No . . .

KRISTIN NORSTAD '60



Melody —

Lyrical and flowing

Laise une Ehren

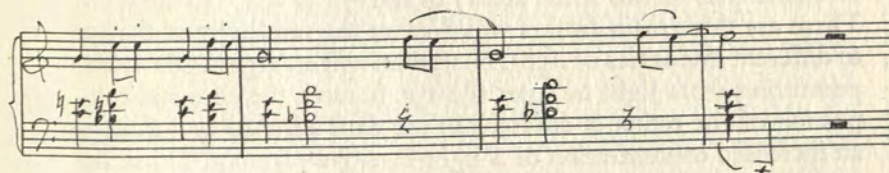
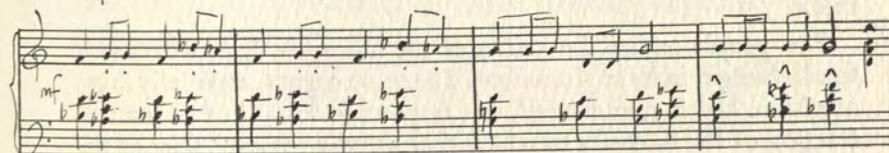
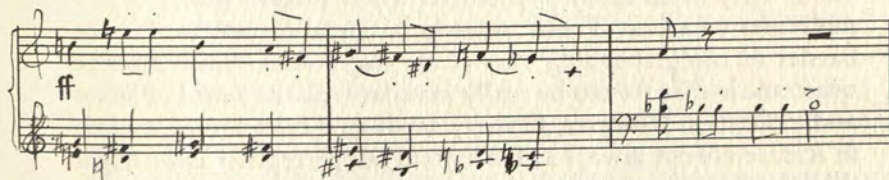
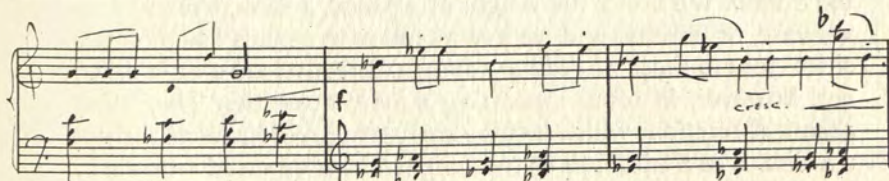
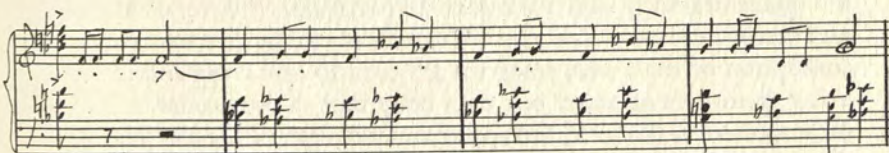
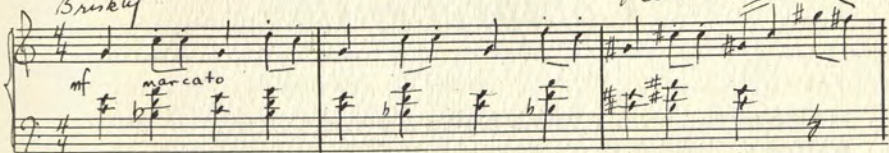
A handwritten musical score for piano and voice. The score is written on six systems of staves. The first system includes the title 'Melody' and the tempo/style instruction 'Lyrical and flowing'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system also includes the dynamic marking 'mf' and the articulation 'legato'. The second system includes the tempo/style instruction 'Laise une Ehren'. The third system includes the dynamic marking 'f'. The fourth system includes the dynamic marking 'decrease'. The fifth system includes the dynamic marking 'mf'. The sixth system includes the dynamic marking 'mf'. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Red —

March

Luise von Ehren

Briskly



On Smallness and Our Comprehension

One of the factors which makes the understanding of modern science so difficult is the tremendous difference in magnitudes of the quantities with which we deal. In particular, the size of atoms and molecules is so small that we commonly think that we have no conception of their size, since we are used to observing and measuring quantities of about our own body size. A convenient unit of measurement is the inch, the approximate length of the last joint of the thumb. We notice the weight of a pencil, a book, a piece of silverware, or jewelry, and we pay attention to sounds having intensities close to those of ordinary speech. Scientists are a little different, however, in often measuring minute quantities. They study chemical reactions which involve amounts of substances of perhaps a billionth or a trillionth of the weight which we could estimate by hand. They often study phenomena which involve relatively few molecules or atoms. There seems to be a real mental barrier, the barrier of comprehending very small magnitudes, which must be overcome before we can be really familiar with the world of atoms and molecules. However, the very small quantities found so often in science are not always as far beyond our perception as we might think.

Few people realize the ability of the human body to detect very small changes in its environment. The sense organs, especially those of vision, hearing, and smell, can respond to stimuli of only a tiny fraction of the intensity to which they usually respond. One of the best examples of this is the ability of the eye to adapt to darkness. There are three main factors which affect the sensitivity of the eye to different intensities of light. First, the pupil enlarges in darkness, permitting more light to enter the eye. Second, the chemical composition of the retina is different in the dark-adapted eye; there is an increased concentration of a light-sensitive pigment. Third, the neurons of the retina send impulses to the brain in proportion to the logarithm of the intensity of light; thus, a very large difference in

intensity causes a small difference in the neuron's response. When the eye is dark-adapted as much as possible, it is able to detect light of only a millionth of the intensity of ordinary daylight. At this level of intensity, apparently only a few quanta of light must reach a neuron in order for it to send its impulse to the brain. The ear has a similar if not more amazing adaptive power. The smallest sound we can hear has about one trillionth the energy of a loud clap of thunder. The sense of smell is also extremely sensitive, and in some cases is even a more sensitive test for the presence of a substance than the finest chemical test. Methyl mercaptan, the disagreeable smelling substance added to natural gas to make gas leaks detectable, can be smelled at a concentration of less than a trillionth of a gram per milliliter of air.

These are all examples of the body's direct response to different kinds of small stimuli. With the aid of simple machines and a little knowledge, we are able to measure other kinds of small quantities. For instance, our ability to estimate weights, especially very small weights, is extremely limited. But we can build from a soda straw and a couple of needles and a cork, with a little knowledge of the laws applying to levers, a balance that will weigh small quantities accurately to five one-hundred-thousandths of a gram. We are not very good at estimating the length of a line or the distance between two points. But with a little knowledge of the wave properties of light, we can estimate the thickness of a thin oil film by its color. This might be only a few molecules thick. A crude diffraction grating can be made out of human hairs (preferably blonde) stretched side by side over a frame. With this instrument, a fair idea of the wave-length of visible light can be obtained.

We can build a very simple machine which will enable us to observe atomic particles directly. It is made of a plastic glass or cup, a wad of cotton, some alcohol, and some dry ice, and it is called a continuous diffusion cloud chamber. The building of such a cloud chamber is a typical high school chemistry or physics project. When a fast electron or a proton or alpha particle or cosmic ray passes through the alcohol vapor, it leaves a little track of fog which is easily seen. Another simple experimental method can analyze the chemical components of a sample weighing perhaps a thousandth of a gram. It works best for colored organic compounds, such as ball-point ink or chlorophylls, and is therefore called chromatog-

raphy. The experiment in its simplest form consists of taking a strip from the margin of a newspaper, putting a small spot of ink near the bottom with a ball-point pen, and letting the bottom of the strip dip into an alcohol-water solution. As the liquid crawls up the blotter-like strip, the ink separates into different colored spots according to how much the pigment sticks to the paper. The same method can be used for separating the different kinds of chlorophyll. This extremely delicate method of analysis is used to a great extent in biochemistry.

The machines described above are very limited in their capacity. The soda-straw balance cannot weigh anything much heavier than a gram. The cloud chamber can observe the presence of sub-atomic particles, but cannot measure their mass or charge. Scientists obstinately demand more than this. They go to great pains to build balances which can weigh 200 grams instead of one, and which are insulated against heat changes and air currents. The cloud chamber is replaced in much scientific work by an automatic counting device such as the Geiger counter. The principle of ionizing particles is the same in both pieces of equipment; scientists like to have their counting done for them instead of laboriously counting tracks in a cloud chamber.

Simple machines like the ones described above prove unsatisfactory for scientific research less because of their inaccuracy of measurement than because of their lack of versatility. To experimentally prove a scientific theory, a great many measurements must usually be made under all kinds of controlled conditions. But to demonstrate that same theory, a very simple instrument such as the soda-straw balance can often be used under the conditions in which it is most sensitive. Thus, although scientists go to tremendous pains to build complex and versatile apparatus to prove their theories, it does not follow that we cannot also accurately observe phenomena on a very refined level, even on a molecular level. The world of atoms and molecules is really closer to us than we might think, if we only open our eyes and minds and observe.

MARIAN WHITNEY

Let me make a hasty farewell visit
To my long-ago days
Before I catch up with age.

Nothing much—just milkweed pods
And colored glass
And yellow arithmetic paper.

Nothing much—just hail storms
And a two-wheeled blue bike
And Mary Poppins on the ceiling.

Nothing much—just farewell.

DIANA BASSETT '60

SUNRISE

The oval oyster shell
Splits open
And spits out
Its incandescent pearl
On the porcelain platter

SUNSET

Apollo arches by
His steeds spur the sky
Streaming florescent dust
In streaks it spreads
Violent pink-red
Then settles
 Melds
 and Rusts

PAULINE SWEET '62

THE PATH

Tormenting scent, that thrills my nostrils on this peaceful night
Of dampened earth and opening buds, while creeping
Shadows brush the land; hold me in your gentle grasp.
And lull my muddled, weakling mind, that I may
Seek repose at last from all mankind.

Young in limb, with trailing feet I wander
Down the winding path, and breathe again with
Bursting heart my heritage from childhood past.
How different now, for we must seek
With frantic care, our beauty everywhere.

What dulls the youthful mind? It's not
(As many older people think), a lack of question
Or concern, an apathy to what we learn,
But wondering of purpose faint, which
Gleams and sometimes flickers out.

And in this dark confusion grows, a maze of
Frightened, wild desires, a search for something
Light and clear, for something binding and intense
To make us bleed and numb with fear run
Screaming down the humid lane.

In sharp, ecstatic pain to lie, and stare transfixed
At darkling sky, while trails of sticky insects creep
Nearby. Oh heightened moment of our sense, like
Raindrops trickling down a pane, so quickly gone
And without aim. I live for it will come again.

Now from afar the whistling of a train breaks the
Sad night. A car drones by, and I awake
From poignant pain to find again the way
By which I came, to brush away the leaves and
Streaky tears, to think of morning and another day.

LISTA KENNAN '59



Marcia Silverman '61

Winter Evening

YET I AM DEAD

Oh, Christ, I am dead.

I walk in the burning sun beside
a river yet I am in a valley of
shadow and

My thirst is great.

I look upon the hills and glory
in their strength but under
their weight

I am crushed.

I walked with thee, Christ, and
leaned upon thy rod and staff,
yet they crumbled in my hand and

I have no comfort.

Christ, I have looked upon thy face
and heard thy voice but thou art only
the clashing of cymbals, and I,

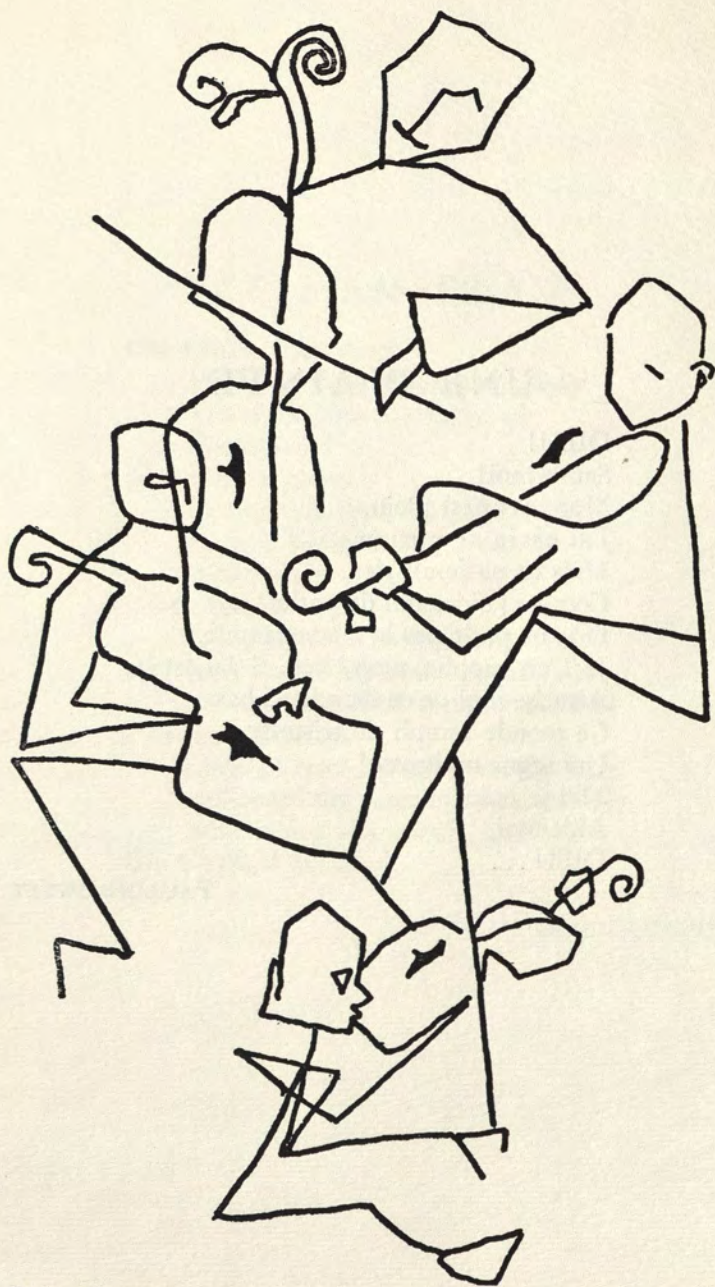
Oh, Christ, I am dead.

KATHERINE HAWLEY '61

UNE PLAINTÉ

DIEU!
Sauve-moi!
Mon coeur est plein.
J'ai envie de pleurer,
Mais ca ne ferait rien.
Comme j'ai besoin de parler!
Et je ne parle pas la meme langue.
Je T'en supplie, mon Dieu, si Tu est la,
Arrache-moi de ce monde ici-bas,
Ce monde rempli de tristesse
Qui regne maitresse!
Mai je noie.
Aide-moi,
DIEU ...

PAULINE SWEET '62



String Quartet

Carol Martin '58

Jazz: Americas

In America, a comparatively new country, the arts have had no real beginning but have been continuations and outgrowths of European art. Jazz, although traceable to both African and European influences, had its beginning in America, and is a purely American contribution to the arts. Within a short period of sixty years, jazz has reached a high point of development which seemingly more "acceptable" arts took centuries to attain. Jazz *is* an art form; it can be so termed because it embodies two qualities vital to any art—creativity and emotion.

Creativity is the essence of jazz. It takes form in improvisation, the building and developing of a new idea on the structural foundation of an old one. Knowing the basic chord changes of a tune, a jazz musician can improvise a new melody. The criterion of jazz artistry is based upon the complexity and originality of the improvisatory ideas. The greatest and most revered musicians in the history of jazz are those artists whose creativity and new ideas have changed and sometimes revolutionized jazz—Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Charlie Christian, and Charlie Parker, to name a few.

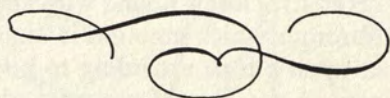
Creativity is, of necessity, closely bound with emotion. Jazz is one of the best media through which emotion is expressed, because a musician improvises upon a tune according to his mood. Whether it is the driving force of the Jazz Messengers, the exuberance of Dixieland, the subtle precision of the Modern Jazz Quartet, or the rhythmic blues of soloist Miles Davis, jazz is emotional. A true appreciation of jazz is possible only when the listener understands and reacts to the profundity and pervading mood of the soloist's ideas.

There are those jazz "purists" who believe that Dixieland is the only "true" jazz. This belief, in my opinion, is entirely unjust. An art form must grow and develop; Dixieland, while good in its day, is now a stagnant form of music which sounds the same as it did fifty years ago. One must look to progressive jazz for new signs of maturity. This judgment is partly based upon the introduction of classical compositional methods into contemporary music. Such men as Charles Mingus, Gunther Schuller, and George Russell

have exemplified this trend in their works. Those who criticize this new development say that this introduction of formal composition al methods will lead to the death of jazz. Jazz is too vital an entity to permit this to happen.

Jazz has had a most rapid growth; now it has reached a point of maturity almost equal to that of the other arts. Americans should be proud of the fact that jazz is universally accepted, for it is a pure expression of our American culture.

MARY GOEKJIAN '61



I

Down bicycle streets
And chalky sidewalks
Where stepping on the cracks
Unchains a bear this big,
They watched the parents
Carefully. Time came
In hopscotch blocks
Of whistling. Uncritically
They took their chunky portions
Savouring them until they were
Sticky and soft—like hershey bars—
Until they were just a remembrance
To be wiped away
On a hasty flannel sleeve.

What shall we do?
What shall we do?

II

Down faded streets
And slow sidewalks
Where dirty words have been written
In fresh white chalk
Across cracks and all,
They watched the children
Uncomprehendingly. Time went
In blue-veined handfuls.
The dirt kept slipping from
Confused, shamed hands
Their sweaty palms to their mouths,
The bitter stain to be wiped away
By time and the memories dry cleaned
In a tear wet sleeve.

What have we done?
What have we done?

DIANA BASSETT '60

